

# Knives of New Orleans

Eric Church

Yeah, I'd give this last wrinkled dollar  
In my pocket that I earned  
With a hammer and vice  
If I could undo some things  
And grow me some wings  
Fly out of this quarter tonight Yeah, tonight, every man with a TV  
Is seeing a man with my clothes and my face  
In the last thirty minutes  
I've gone from a person of interest  
To a full-blown manhunt underway I did what I did  
I have no regrets  
When you cross the line  
You get what you get  
Tonight, a bleeding memory  
Is tomorrow's guilty vein  
Your auburn hair on a faraway sea wall  
Screams across the Pontchartrain  
I'm haunted by headlights  
And a crescent city breeze  
One wrong turn on Bourbon  
Cuts like the knives of New Orleans I'm a ghost dodging bullets  
In all of these alleys  
Just looking for my getaway keys  
Wrapped up in the night  
Hiding out in plain sight  
But this grip's getting tight around me Ain't no getting out  
That I can see  
They'll take me dead  
If they ever take me  
Tonight, a bleeding memory  
Is tomorrow's guilty vein  
Your auburn hair on a faraway sea wall  
Screams across the Pontchartrain  
I'm haunted by headlights  
And a crescent city breeze  
One wrong turn on Bourbon  
Cuts like the knives of New Orleans  
Of New Orleans What I wouldn't do  
For just one more kiss  
I'm all out of time  
Honey, it's come down to this I'm haunted by your hazel eyes  
And this crescent city breeze

One wrong turn on Bourbon  
Cuts like the knives of New Orleans  
Of New Orleans I did what I did  
I did what I did  
I did what I did  
I did what I did

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>